

Socks by elandhop

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Adoption, El and Will are best friends, F/M, Family Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Gen, but i promise this is super fluffy, el is excited to be a big sister, joyce is pregnant and stressed out, mom and hop, shower

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers & Eleven, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Eleven, Will Byers/Eleven

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Summary:

She'd been snuggled up next to Joyce on the couch, and that night was the first of many where Hopper would see her arm slung around her mother's waist. She'd animatedly tell stories to her little sister of the things they'd do together, and the adventures they'd go on once she was old enough.

or

Joyce is pregnant and stressed out on the day before Nancy and Jonathan's wedding. Of course, her family is there to make her feel better.

Socks

Author's Note:

- For [StarMaamMke](#).

This is my response to a prompt by my friend StarMaamMke!

I hope you like it!

The prompt reads:

"Jopper fam the day before a wedding."

Jopper fam the day before a wedding.

To keep the cold out, and herself warm Joyce slides the glass pane of the shower door closed as the hot water runs over her. She's barely got time today to even be *thinking* of showering for more than five minutes because the house is full and the kids will be up soon and... it's *already* six a.m.

She's been up since four forty-five, tossing and turning in bed. Not wanting to bother Hop, she scooted out of his embrace around five thirty to check on El and Will who were *fine*, thank-you-very-much and wound up in the shower.

"Hey, Joy Joy." She's shut out of her train of thought by his husky voice and shudders as he slides the shower door open and steps in behind her. His arms immediately settle gently over hers, and the palms of his hands settle over her protruding stomach.

"You have your socks on, Hop," she mutters, looking down. She rubs her eyes to make sure she hasn't fallen back to sleep, and he smirks.

“Not the first thing I’d of hoped you noticed, Joyce,” he says and grins as she rolls her eyes. She leans back against his chest and *damn pregnancy hormones* she starts to cry.

“My mother is going to be *so* pissed off at me, Hop.” He kisses the top of her head and moves one hand from her belly to wipe the tears away, which although she loves the contact, it’s kind of pointless.

“If she should be pissed at anyone, it’s *me*.” he asserts and gently turns her around so that she’s facing him. Joyce starts to giggle because she feels like a teenager.

“What the hell am I going to say, Hop? Hey Mom, I know you haven’t been in our lives for years, but I had to invite you to Jonathan and Nancy’s wedding...and...oh yeah, we’re having a baby at forty-five?”

Hop turns her around gently and presses a kiss to the top of her soaking wet hair.

“Sure...Something like that, Joycie-Joy. It’s not our fault she shows every few years.”

“She already hates me for breaking up with Lonnie. She thought he was wonderful.”

“She loves *me* though” he grimaces and adds how “*No one* can resist

the Hopper charm.”

“I do love being a Hopper, Hop.”

“I love *you* being a Hopper too, Mrs. *Hop*.” and with that, he receives a smack on the behind.

Her arms wrap around his waist as she settles into his chest the best she can with her belly in the way.

“Our boy’s getting married” she smiles up at him and closes her eyes “that’s what matters.” She buries her head in his neck and places a soft kiss on his scruffy chin because she has no energy to get on her tiptoes to reach his lips.

They stay in the shower a bit longer like this. At this rate, Hopper’s socks won’t dry for days.

A few hours later she feels a lot better. They’ve finished up breakfast and she and Hop alongside El and Will sit at the table with Nancy and Jonathan putting together *flower crowns*. It’s going to be a backyard wedding, and the flower crown idea had come up last minute. (Hop is wearing a fresh pair of socks).

Will and El look like they’re down to business, a box of crayons and colored paper in front of them. They’re making a list of everyone who needs a crown. El reads aloud from the list because she’s the only one who can read Will’s chicken scratch, and she’s still working on her

letters.

“Mom, Nancy, Holly, Ellie, Karen, Kali... does my sister need one?”
Hopper’s head snaps up.

“I don’t think the baby’s coming today, kiddo” he says, nearly spitting out his coffee.

“Unless you know something I don’t, sweetheart” Joyce smiles and ruffles her daughter’s curls.

“Probably not” El reaches over her brother to pat her mother’s stomach and grins when her sister kicks in response to her touch.

“Woah...cool...imagine if the baby is born tomorrow... like... in the middle of your *vows!*” Will exclaims as he links two daisy chains together.

“No, no no!” Joyce says and puts her hands over El’s on her stomach.
“You stay in there, little girl.”

Nancy laughs and feigns shock as El goes back to linking two roses together.

“You’ll never live it down if we have to finish our vows in the delivery room, Joyce.”

Joyce shakes her head and mutters silently.

“*Although*” Jonathan adds “We are excited to meet the little Miss.”

“Sister,” El says joyfully, and Hop squeezes his daughter’s hand.

When they had first told the kids they were expecting, they hadn’t known what their reactions would be. Jonathan and Will had been embarrassed at first, realizing just *how* a new sibling would be added to the family, but El to the surprise of both Joyce and Jim had been over the moon with the prospect of a tiny being she could help dress, feed, bathe, and take care of.

When they’d found out, it was a *girl* they were all surprised. Joyce felt *boy boy boy* all the way up to the sonogram confirming that indeed, it would be a little girl. Hopper was thrilled to have another little girl running around the house, and from that stemmed another conversation about the black hole.

He’d assured her that no black hole would take her baby sister, and he’d do his damnedest to protect the entire family.

“But Daddy” ... she had paused, careful with her next words, and he knew what they would be...

“Sara. She’s my sister too. It took her” she’d said seriously, and with that, he had pulled his tiny daughter into a mighty hug.

“I think... I think Sara’s one of the best angels up there, and she sent her to us.”

“She wanted her as part of our family because she can’t come back and be a part of it?” El had asked cautiously.

“I think so, kid. I think so.”

“Sara was so strong. I will be strong for my sister and protect her, too”. El had answered.

She’d been snuggled up next to Joyce on the couch that night, and that night was the first of many where Hopper would see her arm slung around her mother’s waist. She’d animatedly tell stories to her little sister of the things they’d do together, and the adventures they’d go on once she was old enough.

“Hey Will?” El asks, bringing Hopper out of his memories and into the present.

“Yeah, Ellie Belly?” Jonathan snorts at the nickname, and El sticks her tongue out at her brother.

“How old do you have to be to be a Party member?”

“Um... I honestly don’t know.” Will answers. “We’d have to ask Mike to check the handbook.”

“Well, I don’t *care* what the handbook says for this. I want our sister in. She will have friends from the day she is born”.

“Of course” Will answers. “She’ll be a Party member for life.”

Joyce can’t help it, her eyes well up with tears again, as Hop rubs her back. Yes, her mother will be coming to town tonight, and of course, she’ll make some kind of stupid remark, but for the first time in forever, Joyce feels herself let go.

She’s got her husband and her sons and her *daughters* (because Nancy will not only be an *in-law*).

And *this* being around the breakfast table with these people making flower crowns and talking about what to come is what matters.

The morning of the wedding arrives, and Jim Hopper jumps in the shower to join his wife... but he doesn’t have socks on this time.